

THE HUMAN TORCH
CAPTAIN AMERICA
THE SUB MARINER

ALL

NO.
12

SPRING
ISSUE

10¢

WINNERS





"I Will Show YOU . . . HOW TO BUILD A **MIGHTY** BODY using my quick, easy methods," says *George F. Jowett*

I want to help you to develop mighty muscles — arms with the power to obey your will — a big, strong, muscular back that "picks a punch" — a deep "barrel" chest arched with power — a powerful grip that crushes — and legs that are real props of tireless leaping power! A real he-man's body that men will respect and women will admire!

George F. Jowett, winner of many world contests for strength and physical perfection! He actually holds more strength records than any living athlete or Teacher!



THIS IS WHAT YOU GET IN EACH OF THE FIVE JOWETT BOOKS!

- 1 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM.** This book shows you how to develop a pair of chain-breaking biceps. Why not get an arm of might with the power and grip to obey your physical desires? George F. Jowett gives you his secret methods of strength development illustrated and explained as you like them.
- 2 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK.** Look at George F. Jowett pictured above. Note the big spread and tapering waist. Let him help you build a back of power, square trim shoulders with the enviable military spread.
- 3 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST.** Tells you how to make your chest a real power house of vital energy—with straps of muscles to protect your heart and lungs. If you have a narrow, sunken chest, bare ribs, sparrow or chicken chest, he will show you how to improve it so that you will be proud to show it off!
- 4 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP.** A complete course that will show you how you can get a grip of steel! What would you give for a forearm with a bone crushing grip? Wrists thickened with like silvery cables? Fingers strong as steel pliers? A hand like an iron vise—yet sensitive?
- 5 HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY LEGS.** Now you can have the all around he-man strength and good looks of the pupils shown on this page. What Jowett has done for them and thousands of others, he can do for you. He increased his thighs by 8 inches. His calves by 5 inches by this simple, unbreakable method. He will help you build legs with tireless power!

FREE!



JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

With your order for Jowett's famous Courses in book form, you will receive this valuable book FREE, at no extra charge. If you send the Coupon today! It tells the enthralling life story of George Jowett—sets forth the Rules of constructive living which have made Jowett the "Champion of Champions." Contains many fascinating photos of strong men whom George Jowett helped to develop from puny weaklings into superb outstanding athletes and champs!

**Send for These
FIVE FAMOUS COURSES** Formerly \$5 each
NOW in Book Form ONLY 25c EACH
ALL 5 for \$1

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, formerly sold for \$5.00, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to yourself, to your family, and to your COUNTRY, to make yourself physically fit, now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c—and not only that but if you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded! Don't let this opportunity get away from you—send the FREE GIFT COUPON at once, and receive your FREE copy of the Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



A. PASSAMONT
Jowett-trained athlete
who's named America's
first prize-winner for
Physical Perfection.

REX FERRIS
Champion Strong
Athlete of South
Africa. Says he, "I
am awestruck by
Jowett's methods!"
Look at his chest
then consider the
value of the Jowett
Courses!



FREE GIFT COUPON!

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
236 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 506 (New York City)

Send me the JOWETT Course-Book checked below. If not delighted, I may return books for books in 10 days and my money will be refunded.

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$... plus a few cents postage (No order less than \$1 shipped C.O.D.)

☐ All FIVE BOOKS FOR \$1
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Arm (25c)
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Back (25c)
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Chest (25c)
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Grip (25c)
☐ How to Mold Mighty Legs (25c)
☐ Send me the FREE book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron," at no extra cost.

NAME..... AGE.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....

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The HUMAN TORCH



FOLLOW THE HUMAN TORCH AND
TORO AS THEY PIT THEIR FIERY
SKILL AND COURAGE AGAINST....

The

"HORROR
OF THE
GHOST FIEND"

THIS IS MADNESS!
THEY CAN'T FIRE ON A
DIPLOMATIC TRANSPORT!
THE GENEVA CONFERENCE!
AHHHHHHH---!

BUT BEHIND THE NAZI PRESS...
FLOWN TO BERLIN, THE PAPER GOES THRU A STRICT CENSORSHIP OF

ACH! THE PAPER TO
THE BRITISH CONSUL
IN BASRA! GOOT! I
VILL RECEIVE A MEDAL
FROM THE FUEHRER,
HIMSELF!

BE CAREFUL WITH THE
ACID, FRANZ! ONLY
CERTAIN SENTENCES
MUST BE REMOVED!

DON'T
VORRY!
HO! HO!
WHAT A
JOKE ON
THE
YANKEE
SWINE!

DER FORGERY IS
COMPLETED, SIR! DER
ARABS VILL NEFFER
KNOW DER
DIFFERENCE!

DEY
BETTER
NOT! THE
WISP HIM-
SELF ISS
SMUGGLING
IT INTO
MECCA!

**IT
GOES
THRU
STILL
ANOTHER
PROCESS
BEFORE
IT
EMERGES-

A
DEADLY
WEAPON
AGAINST
THE
ALLIES!**

AND FOUR THOUSAND
MILES ACROSS THE SEA--
IN AMERICA---

LISTEN TO THIS!
PLANE TO LISBON.
OVER-DUE.' DAVIS
HARDY, MINISTER
TO --- WHA --- ?

TELEPHONE,
KID? I'LL
GET IT!

~~P-RING~~
~~P-RING~~



HELLO! OH, MAJOR BRANT?
YES! WE'LL BE RIGHT
OVER!

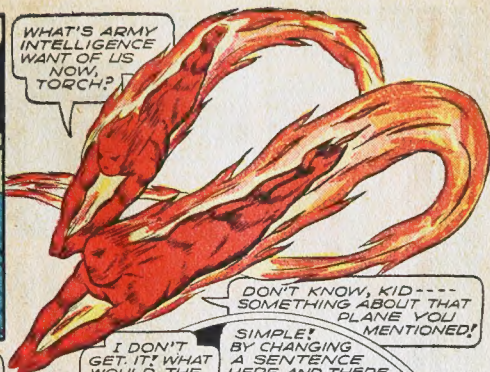
MAJOR BRANT!
OH! OH! HERE
WE GO
AGAIN!

WHAT'S ARMY
INTELLIGENCE
WANT OF US
NOW,
TORCH?

A
AT
ARMY
INTELLIGENCE,
THE MAJOR
THE EXPLAINS!

THE PLANE WAS
SHOT DOWN!
WHY, THAT'S COLD
BLOODED MURDER!
BUT WHY--?

BECAUSE, MR.
HARDY WAS CARRY-
ING A PAPER TO THE
BRITISH AUTHORITIES IN
ARABIA! IT PROMISED TO
SEND AN AMERICAN ANTI-
AIRCRAFT BATTERY TO
PROTECT MECCA FROM
BOMBING ATTACKS!



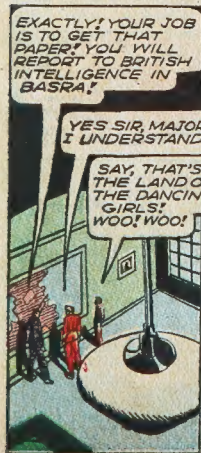
DON'T KNOW, KID----
SOMETHING ABOUT THAT
PLANE YOU
MENTIONED!

I DON'T
GET IT! WHAT
WOULD THE
NAZIS DO
WITH--?

SIMPLE!
BY CHANGING
A SENTENCE
HERE AND THERE,
THEY CAN MAKE
NATIVES BELIEVE
IT IS AN ORDER TO
DESTROY THE HOLY
CITY!



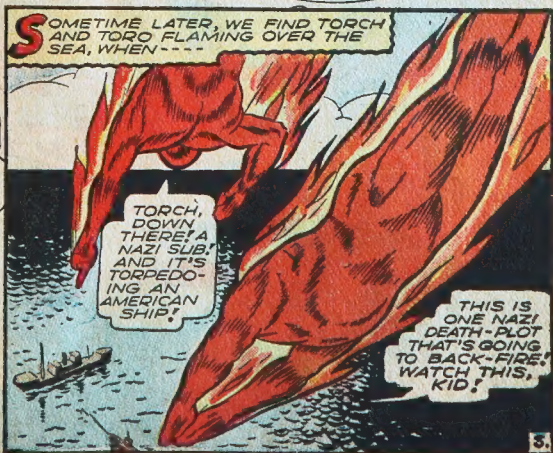
WHEW--
AND SIGNED
BY THE
SECRETARY OF
STATE,
IT COULD
CAUSE
THE
ALLIES
PLENTY
OF TROUBLE!



EXACTLY! YOUR JOB
IS TO GET THAT
PAPER! YOU WILL
REPORT TO BRITISH
INTELLIGENCE IN
BASRA!

YES SIR, MAJOR!
I UNDERSTAND!

SAY, THAT'S
THE LAND OF
THE DANCING
GIRLS!
WOO! WOO!



SOMETIME LATER, WE FIND TORCH
AND TORO FLAMING OVER THE
SEA, WHEN----

TORCH,
DOWN
THERE! A
NAZI SLUB!
AND IT'S
TORPEDO-
ING AN
AMERICAN
SHIP!

THIS IS
ONE NAZI
DEATH-PLOT
THAT'S GOING
TO BACK-FIRE!
WATCH THIS,
KID!

TORCH PEELS OFF
IN A FLAMING
DIVE STRAIGHT
FOR THE
DEADLY TORPEDO!



YOU'VE
LOST
YOUR
SENSE
OF
DIREC-
TION, MY
FRIEND!

GRASPING THE STEERING FIN OF THE DEADLY FISH,
HE BENDS IT AT A SHARP ANGLE, SENDING IT
CIRCLING BACK---



THERE?
THAT'S
BETTER!

TO CRASH
INTO THE SIDE
OF THE NAZI SUB!



YOW!

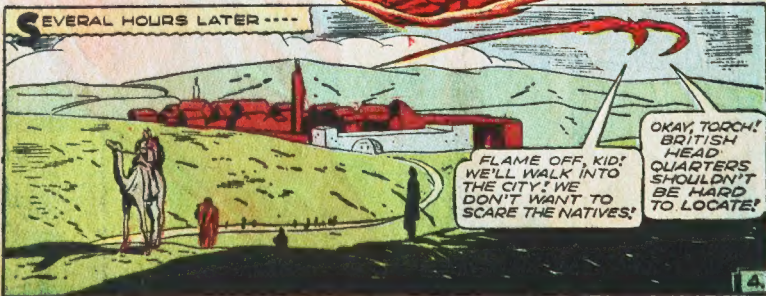
RECEIVING THE THANKS OF THE GRATEFUL CREW,
THE PAIR FLAME ON----

WHAT'S
NEXT,
TORCH?

NEXT STOP---
ARABIA, KID!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER ----



FLAME OFF, KID!
WE'LL WALK INTO
THE CITY! WE
DON'T WANT TO
SCARE THE NATIVES!

OKAY, TORCH!
BRITISH
HEAD-
QUARTERS
SHOULDN'T
BE HARD
TO LOCATE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT COLONEL CHARLTON'S OFFICE, BRITISH INTELLIGENCE CHIEF---

YOU SAY ALL TRAILS TO MECCA ARE GUARDED-- THEN WHY ARE YOU AFRAID OF THIS SPY?

BECAUSE HE, OR MAYBE I SHOULD SAY IT, IS THE CLEVEREST THING WE'VE RUN UP AGAINST! IT'S ELUDED US FOR YEARS!

IS IT THE WASP, COLONEL?

YES! WE KNOW HE'S BEEN LANDED HERE BY SUB! HE MUST BE FOUND! YOU TWO ARE OUR ONLY CHANCE!

WE'LL DO OUR BEST, COLONEL!

AS TORCH AND TORO WALK THRU THE CROWDED STREETS OF THE NATIVE SECTION----

THAT'S A FUNNY COUPLE, KID! LET'S WATCH THEM AWHILE!

I'LL NEVER GET USED TO THIS TERRIBLE PLACE! I WISH I WERE IN ENGLAND NOW!

SURELY, MRS. KANE! THERE IS A FRUIT VENDOR! SHALL WE HAVE SOME FIGS, MY DEAR?

TORCH AND TORO WATCH AS----

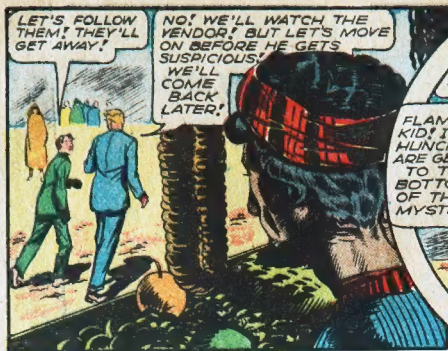
EFFENO, YOU HONOR ME BY EYEING MY MISERABLE FIGS!

THE PAPER! QUICK! I WILL TAKE IT TO MECCA TONIGHT! NO ONE WILL SUSPECT US!

--- **T**HE OLD COUPLE WALK OFF ---

AM I NUTS? OR DID I SEE THE VENDOR SLIP THE OLD BOY A PIECE OF PAPER?

YOU DID, KID! THAT WHOLE BUSINESS LOOKED LIKE A PUT UP JOB! I THINK WE'RE ON TO SOMETHING!



THE TWO FLAMING SLEUTHS FOLLOW THE VENDOR TO A NATIVE DIVE!



HE'S GOING INTO THAT NATIVE HONKY-TONK!

YES! AND SO ARE WE--!

AS TORCH AND TORO ENTER THE PLACE, THEY, SEE--!



BUT AT THE TABLE ----!

THE TWO YANKEE CAMEL! THEY WERE AT THE BAZAAR!



AS KANE UNFOLDS HIS PLAN, HIS TWO COMPANIONS SMILE IN SATISFACTION!

YOU UNDERSTAND? DELAY THEM AS LONG AS POSSIBLE! I MUST HAVE TIME TO PREPARE!

THAT IS CLEVER! I SWEAR IT ON THE SEVEN HAIRS OF ALLAH!



BATTLE ROYAL FOLLOWS!

I GUESS
YOU'RE RIGHT,
TORO!

DON'T HIT ME! DON'T--

LEAVE HIM
ALONE, KID.
HERE'S THE
SNAKE WE
WANT!

I SWEAR TO YOU,
'EFFENDI!' HE IS THE
MAN YOU SEEK!

HE'D
BETTER
BE!

IT WORKED,
AND BY NOW
THE TRAP IS
SET.

IGNORANT OF THE DEVILISH PLAN, TORCH AND TORO ARRIVE AT THE KANE RESIDENCE!

FLAME OFF,
KID! WE DON'T
WANT TO SCARE
MRS. KANE!

I'LL BET SHE
DOESN'T KNOW
WHAT HER
HUSBAND IS UP
TO!

THE KINDLY OLD LADY USHERS THEM INTO THE LIVING ROOM---

WE'RE SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, MAAM! BUT WE'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOUR HUSBAND!

MR. KANE? HE JUST STEPPED OUT! BUT SIT DOWN-- HE'LL BE BACK SOON!

TORCH AND TORO EXPLAIN THE NATURE OF THEIR VISIT AND---

WE'VE BAD NEWS FOR YOU, MRS. KANE! YOUR HUSBAND IS MIXED UP WITH A NAZI SPY RING!

HELP ME WITH HER, KID! SHE'S FAINTING!

OH-OH! IT CAN'T BE---

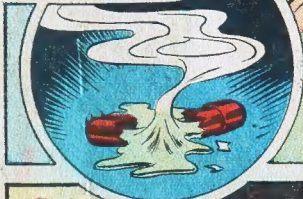
BUT AS THEY BEND OVER THE STRICKEN WOMAN, THERE IS A FAINT PLOP BEHIND THEM!

BEFORE THEY CAN MOVE, THE STRANGE GAS PARALYZES THEIR NERVE CENTERS!

I CAN'T MOVE, TORCH--- WHAT'S WRONG? WHY DIDN'T IT EFFECT HER?

I DON'T KNOW! SHE'S LEAVING, KID!

OH! OH! DEAR! WHAT'S HAPPENED? I MUST GET OUT OF THIS PLACE!



AS THE TERRIFIED OLD LADY FLEES THE ROOM, THE DOOR BEHIND THEM OPENS, AND---

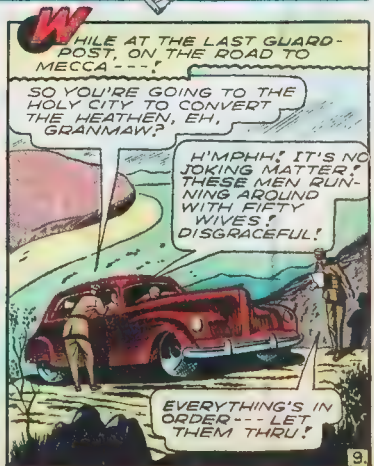
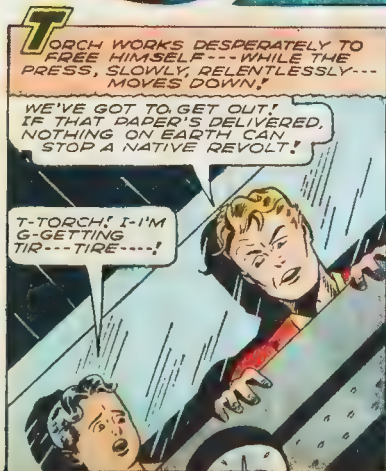
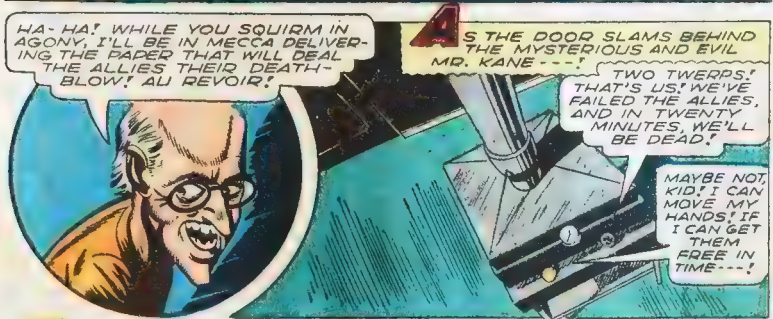
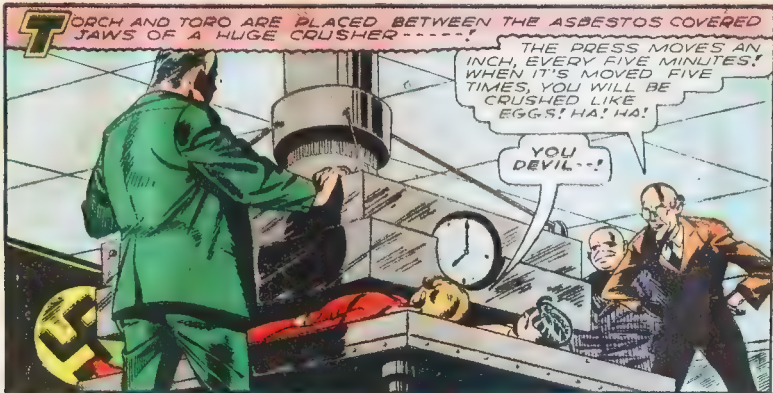
SOOOO! YOU FELL FOR MY LITTLE RUSE, EHP? WHEN WE GET THRU WITH YOU, YOU'LL CURSE THE DAY YOU INTERFERED WITH THE --- WISP!

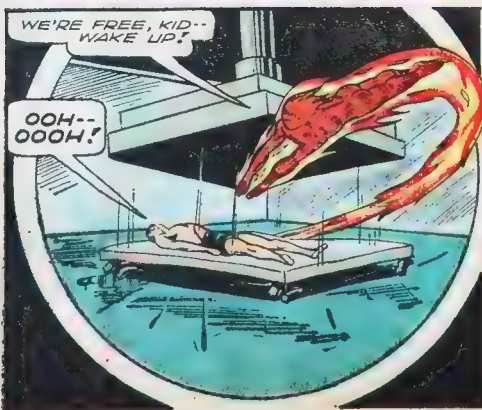
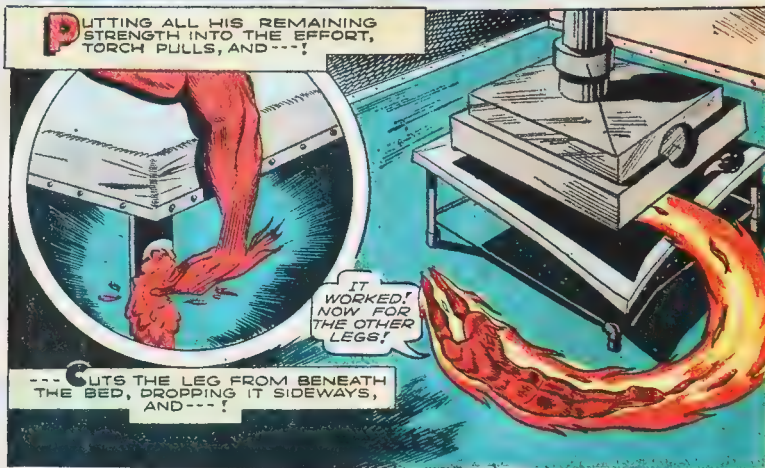
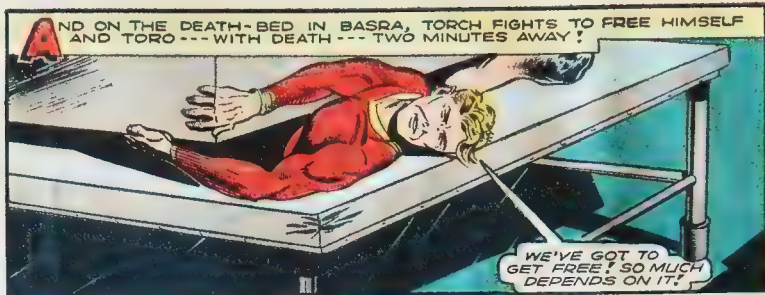
TAKE THEM TO THE DEATH-BED! AND QUICKLY! BEFORE THE GAS WEARS OFF!

DEATH-BED--- WHO'S DYING?

YOU ARE, SOON---







WHILE IN MECCA, THE --- WISP ---!

--BUT---

PREPARE THE CAR FOR THE TRIP BACK! WHEN WE DELIVER THE PAPER, WE MUST GO! NO EUROPEAN WILL BE SAFE! QUICKLY, THE KHAN WILL BE HERE SOON!

YES! I AM GLAD OUR WORK IS DONE! I'LL BE GLAD TO SEE BERLIN!

HA! HA! SOON THIS CITY WILL BE A BLOODY--- WHA---! THE YANKEE SWINE! I MUST LEAD THEM AWAY FROM THE HOUSE!

THERE'S KANE, KID! AFTER HIM!

THERE HE GOES!

COME ON! WE CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

BUT KANE DUCKS INTO A MOSLEM TEMPLE---

TOO LATE! HA! HA! YOU CAN'T PREVENT IT! IT'S DELIVERY NOW!

AFTER HIM, TORO! IF HE DELIVERS IT NOW, WE'RE SUNK!

DETERMINED TO PREVENT THE DELIVERY OF THE FATAL PAPER AT ALL COSTS, TORCH AND TORO, FLAME AFTER THE GRIMACING FIGURE, AND---

YOU'VE KILLED HIM, TORCH!

THIS IS NO TIME TO QUIBBLE, KID! LET'S GET THAT PAPER!

AAAAHHH!

REACHING FOR THE PRECIOUS PAPER, THEY FIND ----!

IT'S BLANK, TORCH

TRICKED! KANE ISN'T THE WISP! HE LED US AWAY SO WE WOULDN'T PREVENT DELIVERY OF THE REAL PAPER!

THEN THE REAL PAPER IS IN THAT HOUSE WHERE WE MET KANE!

YES, AND THE WISP, TOO! I HOPE WE'RE IN TIME!

FLAMING BACK TO THE HOUSE, THE TWOSOME ----!

THIS IS PROOF OF AMERICAN TREACH--- WHA---!

I'LL TAKE THAT PLEASE!

LOOK! THE--- WISP---

THE DEADLY PAPER SAFE IN THEIR POSSESSION --- TORCH AND TORO ---

YANKEE PIGS ---!

TREACHEROUS INFIDELS! YOU WOULD HARM AN OLD LADY? I'LL ---

LEAVING THE WISP IN BRITISH HANDS, TORCH AND TORO FLAME BACK HOME AND REPORT TO MAJOR BRANT!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO THANK YOU BOYS, EXCEPT --- YOUR COUNTRY CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON YOU TO DO YOUR JOB!

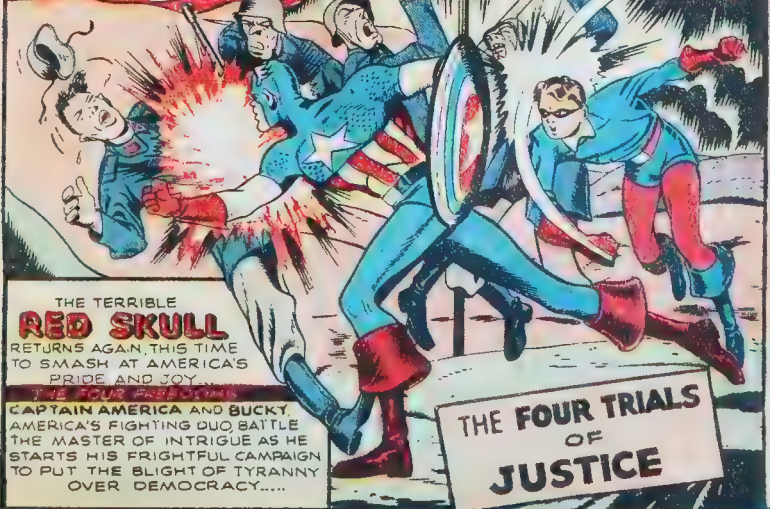
THAT MAJOR IS THE BEST COMPLIMENT I'VE HAD YET!

OLD LADY? YOU'VE BEEN TAKEN IN BY THE MOST RUTHLESS NAZI SPY THIS WORLD HAS KNOWN---! I'LL SHOW YOU ---

AND YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

THE END

CAPTAIN AMERICA



THE TERRIBLE
RED SKULL
RETURNS AGAIN, THIS TIME
TO SMASH AT AMERICA'S
PRIDE AND JOY...

THE FOUR TRIALS
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY,
AMERICA'S FIGHTING DUO, BATTLE
THE MASTER OF INTRIGUE AS HE
STARTS HIS FRIGHTFUL CAMPAIGN
TO PUT THE BLIGHT OF TYRANNY
OVER DEMOCRACY.....

**THE FOUR TRIALS
OF
JUSTICE**

ON A DAY'S LEAVE FROM CAMP STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES WANDER FAR INTO THE QUIET COUNTRYSIDE.

LET'S ENJOY SOME FRESH AIR FOR A CHANGE INSTEAD OF GOING INTO THE CITY!

OKAY BY ME, STEVE!



BUT SUDDENLY, A STRANGE BARRIER BLOCKS THEIR WAY!

I WONDER WHO'S GOT THE ROAD BLOCKED OFF?... AND WHY?

HEY! WHAT'S THIS? BARBED WIRE?

HERE COMES A CAR FROM THE OTHER WAY! ...BEHIND THIS TREE, KID! WE'LL SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

Y'KNOW, THIS MAKES ME THINK OF A NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMP!

HALTEN!

WHA...? WHY ARE YOU STOPPING ME? MY VACATION IS OVER AND I... WHY...WHY... YOU'RE WEARING A NAZI UNIFORM!! IS THIS SOME JOKE?



ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BARRICADE, TWO LISTENING FIGURES DECIDE IT IS TIME TO ACT!

ISS NO JOKE, AMERIKANER! US NAZIS HAFF TAKEN OVER DER PLACE! YOU VILL GO BACK NOW! YOU CANNOT LEAVE!

NAZIS! PULLING SOME KIND OF TRICK RIGHT IN THE HEART OF AMERICA!

AND THAT PAGES CAPTAIN AMERICA!!

BUT HOW DO WE GET OVER THIS BARBED WIRE?

SIMPLE ENOUGH. GRAB A STICK...

AND POLE VAULT OVER!

AFTER YOU, CAP!

YOU'VE HAD YOUR SAY, RATZI!!

YOU OBEY OR... VASS IST?

NOW I'LL HAVE MINE... LIKE THIS!

AH-H-HWK!!!

POW!

ANY IDEA WHAT THIS
ALL ABOUT MISS?
WHERE DID THIS
NAZI COME FROM?

I DON'T KNOW!
WE HEARD A
BIG PLANE
GO OVER
LAST NIGHT!
MAYBE HE
LANDED
FROM
THAT!

REDSKULL!
OUR OLD ENEMY!

AND YOUR WORST
I THINK! HA-HA!
SO WE MEET
AGAIN, CAPTAIN!

CAP! HERE
COME SOME
MORE NAZIS!...
AND LOOK
WHO'S LEADING
THEM!!

WHAT ARE
YOU UP TO
HERE, YOU
RAT?

HA-HA!
YOU'LL NEVER
KNOW SUCKER!
**GET THEM
MEN!**

GET
HIM!

ACH!

YAHOO!!

YOU'VE TRIED
THIS BEFORE,
REDSKULL.
REMEMBER?



BLAST YOU! I'LL
CHOP YOU APART
WITH THIS!



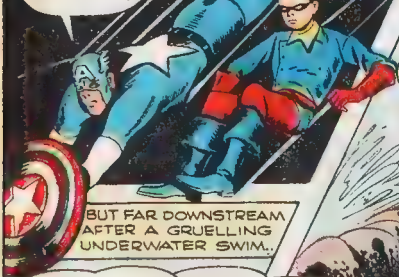
WE CAN'T
ARGUE WITH
THAT MACHINE-
GUN! INTO
THE WOODS,
BUCKY!

PURSU
THEM!
DON'T LET
THEM GET
AWAY!

RAT
TAT
TAT

CAP AND BUCKY
PLUNGE INTO A
NEARBY BROOK!

DIVE IN BUCKY!
IT'S OUR
ONLY
CHANCE!



BUT FAR DOWNSTREAM
AFTER A GRUELLING
UNDERWATER SWIM...

THEY'VE
BEEN UNDER
FIVE MINUTES!
THEY MUST HAVE
DROWNED! HA-HA
HAAAR... !!!

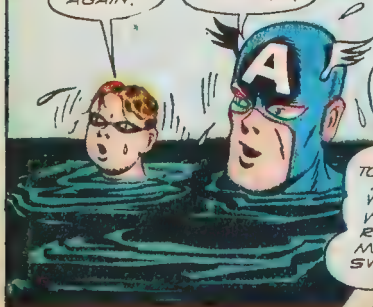


RAT
TAT
TAT

WHEW! GASP!
AM I GLAD
TO BREATHE
AGAIN!

C'MON
LAD! LET'S SEE
WHAT'S COOKING
AT THE
RESORT!

Meanwhile at
the resort!



WE KNOW WE
HAVE LOST
THE WAR
IN GERMANY!
SO NOW
WE MAKE
POST
WAR
PLANS!
TO NAZIFY
AMERICA!
WE WILL START
WITH THIS
RESORT AND
MAKE THESE
SWINE BECOME
NAZIS!



A GROUP OF VACATIONISTS IS LOCKED IN A ROOM!

YOU WILL NOT BE FED TILL YOU SAY HEIL HITLER!

NAZIS! IN AMERICA!

SLAM

SOB! WE'RE IN THE HANDS OF BEASTS TRYING TO BREAK OUR WILLS!

BUT TWO STALWART FIGURES HAVE CREPT INTO THE PLACE AND...

DEY WILL LEARN TO SAY HEIL HITLER OR STARVE!

HSST, BUCKY! GET THIS GUY! GIVE HIM THE OLD...



CAPTAIN AMERICA!

THANK HEAVEN!

STARVING YOU INTO SUBMISSION WERE THEY?

WELL COME ON! YOU'RE GOING TO EAT RIGHT NOW!

TO THE KITCHEN

TWO NAZI COOKS ARE QUICKLY DISPOSED OF!

HIMMEL!
VOSS?
PANTRY

YOUR GOOSE
IS COOKED!
THESE FOLKS
WANT TO EAT!

THAT'S ONE OF
THE FOUR FREEDOMS...
FREEDOM FROM
WANT!

POW!

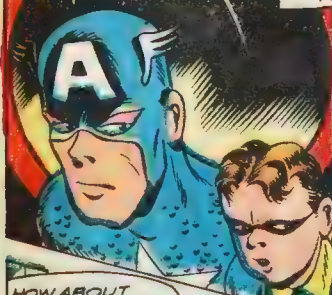
BUT THERE'S
PLENTY MORE TO
DO IN THIS PLACE
BUCKY! EVIDENTLY
RED SKULL HAS
BROKEN THE
PEOPLE INTO
GROUPS, TO
DEAL WITH
THEM
SEPARATELY!

I HEAR
SOUNDS IN
THE
BASEMENT!

DOWN IN THE
BASEMENT A
GROUP OF FEAR-
FUL PEOPLE
ARE HUDDLED
TERRORIZED
WITH
FEAR!

WHEN ARE
YOU GOING TO SHOOT?
I CAN'T STAND
THIS SUSPENSE!

HA, HA! LET DEM
SWEAT AND SUFFER!
IT VILL
BREAK
DERE
WILLS!

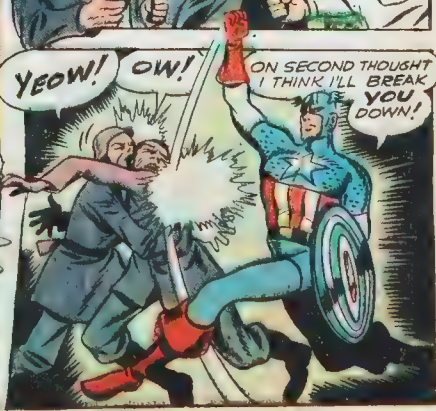
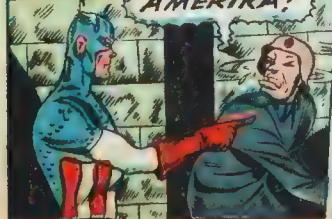


HOW ABOUT
TRYING TO BREAK
MY WILL?

EH? WHO...
ACH! KAPITAN
AMERIKA!

YEOW! OW!

ON SECOND THOUGHT
I THINK I'LL BREAK
YOU
DOWN!

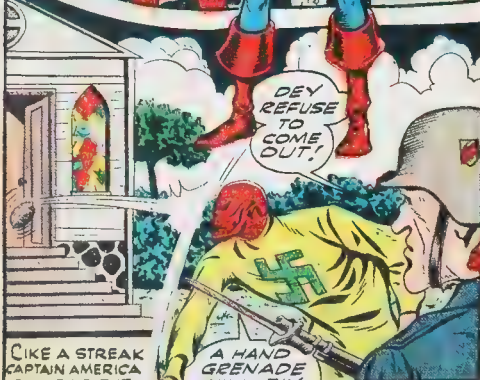
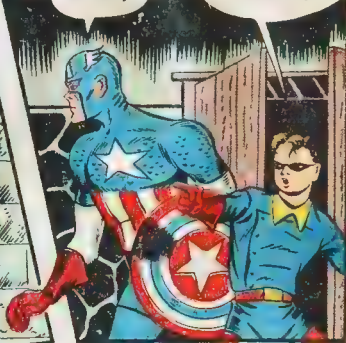
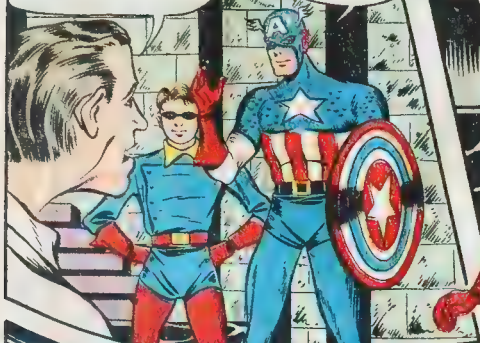


BLESS YOU, CAPTAIN AMERICA! IT WAS AWFUL! TREMBLING IN FEAR BEFORE THAT GUN!

AND THIS IS... FREEDOM FROM FEAR!

NOW LET'S SEE WHAT ELSE RED SKULL IS UP TO!

HEY, LOOK CAP! OVER THERE!



DEY REFUSE TO COME OUT!

LIKE A STREAK CAPTAIN AMERICA PICKS UP THE HAND-GRENADE

A HAND GRENADE WILL FIX THEM! HA, HA, HA!

NO CURVES ON THIS PITCH!



...AND HURLS IT OUT!!



GOT TO STOP THAT HAND GRENADE!

CAP! COME BACK! YOU CAN'T!...

THAT'S ANOTHER FREEDOM THEY CAN'T STOP... FREEDOM OF WORSHIP!



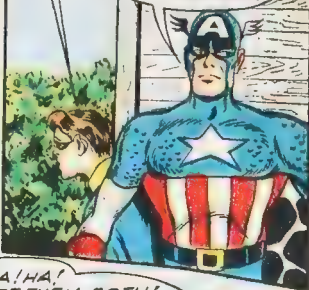
BLAM!

RED SKULL DASHES AWAY IN A RAGE!

CAPTAIN AMERICA...
STILL ALIVE! A
THOUSAND CURSES ON
HIM! I'LL HAVE
TO TRAP HIM!

HE'S
DISAPPEARED,
CAP!

WE'VE GOT TO
NAB HIM
BEFORE HE
ROUNDS UP HIS
FRIENDS!



UGH!

HAAAAA!

LOOK
OUT,
CAP!
GOF!

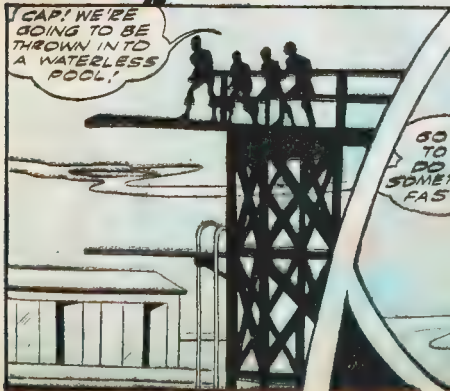
HA! HA!
I GOT THEM BOTH!
TIE THEM UP! THEN FLING
THEM FROM THE HIGH DIVING
BOARD OF THE POOL, WHERE
WE DRAINED THE WATER
OUT! SEE THAT THEY
DIE! I HAVE
OTHER THINGS
TO DO!

JA!



YOU
FIRST,
HERE KAPITAN!
HAPPY LANDING!
HA! HA!

CAP! WE'RE
GOING TO BE
THROWN INTO
A WATERLESS
POOL!



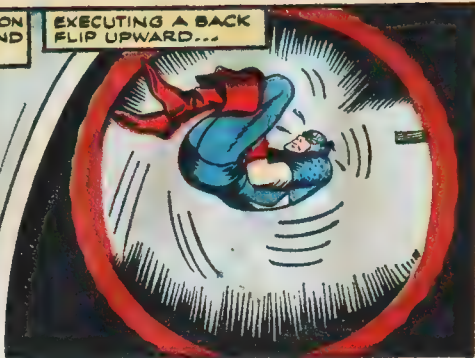
GOT
TO
DO
SOMETHING
FAST!



BUT AMERICA'S GREAT CHAMPION
TWISTS HIS BODY IN MID-AIR AND
CONTRIVES TO LAND NEATLY
ON A LOWER
DIVING
BOARD!

THIS'LL
BE GOOD
IF IT
WORKS!

EXECUTING A BACK
FLIP UPWARD...



TO DISPOSE OF
ONE NAZI!

HAVE A
HEEL,
HEEL!

ACH DU LIEBER!
HE BOUNCED
RIGHT BACK...
YA'AAAAA!!



USING THE SHARP EDGE OF A BAYNET, CAP
GOES TO WORK ON HIS BONDS...

I SHOOT YOU,
AMERIKANER
SCHWEINEHUND!

OH, OH! SEEMS AS
IF THERE ISN'T
TIME!

GOT TO
SAVE
CAP!



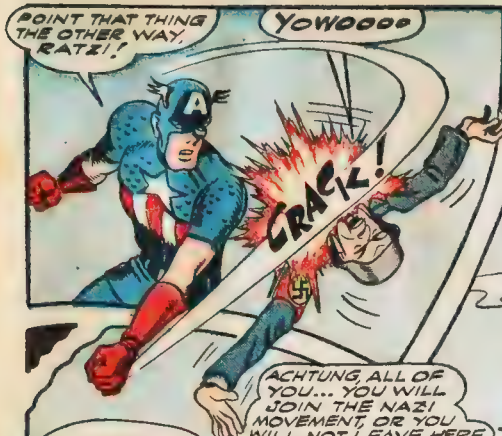
BUCKY
TO THE
RESCUE!

GOOD WORK,
BUCKY!

WHOOOSH!

I CAN'T
SWING ON
YOU, BUT I
CAN BUTT!





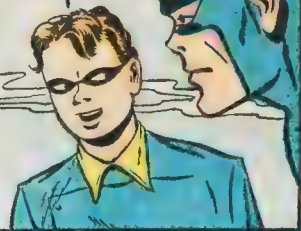
POINT THAT THING
THE OTHER WAY,
RAZE!

YOWOOOO

CAPTAIN AMERICA QUICKLY UNTIES
BUCKY'S BONDS!

GOSH, CAP I
THOUGHT
YOU WERE
A GONER
THEN!

CONFIDENTIALLY, LAD,
SO DID I.... BUT
LET'S GET AFTER
RED SKULL, AGAIN!



HEY CAP! WE
GOTTA BREAK
THIS UP!

ACHTUNG, ALL OF
YOU... YOU WILL
JOIN THE NAZI
MOVEMENT, OR YOU
WILL NOT LEAVE HERE
ALIVE! TAKE YOUR
CHOICE!

WAIT BUCKY!
HERE'S WHAT YOU
DO... 82-2- 82222....

BOLDLY AND BRAVELY, BUT WITH HIS
HEART IN HIS MOUTH, BUCKY STRIDES
UP TO RED SKULL!!

BUCKY!
STILL ALIVE!
SHOOT
HIM....

WAIT!
MAYBE I
WANT TO
JOIN YOU...
OR
SOMETHIN'..!



JOIN US?
GREAT! THEN
TELL THESE
IDIOTS TO
OBEY ME!

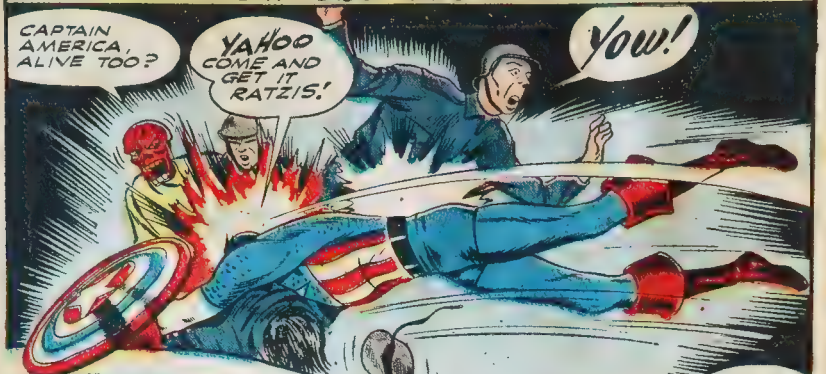
HE'S RIGHT, FOLKS...
IN A PIG'S EYE!
DON'T GIVE IN
TO HIM AND
HIS ROTTEN
SETUP!

THE LAST
OF THE
FREEDOM IS
FREEDOM
OF
SPEECH!
AND NO
BUNCH OF
NAZIS CAN
EVER TAKE
THAT AWAY
FROM US!

BLAST
HIM
DOWN!



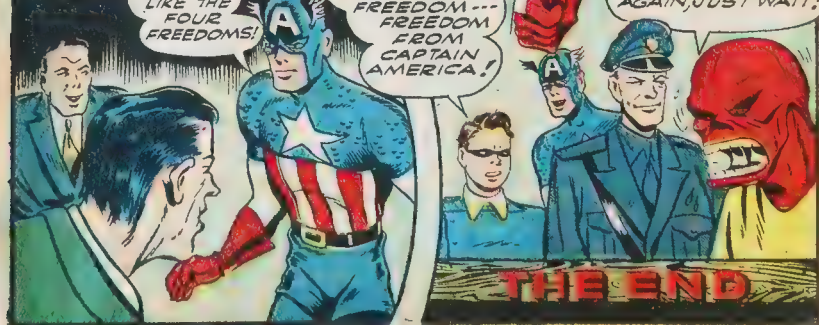
BUT BUCKY HAS CREATED A DIVERSION AND GIVEN CAP THE CHANCE HE NEEDED!



OKAY, FOLKS! THE NIGHTMARE IS OVER! GO BACK TO YOUR VACATIONS! I GUESS WE CAN SAFELY SAY THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE FOUR FREEDOMS!

I THINK RED SKULL WOULD LIKE A FIFTH FREEDOM--- FREEDOM FROM CAPTAIN AMERICA!

BAH! I'LL COME BACK AGAIN, JUST WAIT!



ASHES

RAIN poured from a plugged gutter pipe at the corner of the roof, cascaded to the ground in a miniature falls which Dave and Will carefully skirted, collars held tightly against their throats to ward off the slanting rain. They climbed the rotting porch and peered uneasily in through a window.

"Black as pitch," Dave muttered. "Probably no one living in it. Just our luck—"

"Worse luck if there were anyone!" Will corrected. "C'mon. We've gotta take the chance."

The window was nailed down. Inside, boards were nailed across, with just space enough to see between them. It was risky Will knew, but necessary. They broke the glass, kicked in the boards. The air inside was damp and smelled of rot and mold.

Will flashed his light, followed the beam to a fire place. They got a fire started with the wood from the boarded over window, part of an old rocker lying smashed in a corner. The flames were cheerful. The room was empty save for a table with only three legs, another chair and plenty of dust.

"You get the fire going good," Dave said. "I'll have a look around. Never can tell. There might be something that would serve as grub. Canned stuff of some kind."

He went out. Will squatted down in front of the growing flames. He began to warm up a little. The smell of his damp clothing mingled with the smell of the old building. He didn't like it here. The old place was spooky. If the bridge hadn't washed out and made them take this round-about route, and then if they hadn't lost their way, this would never have happened. But now...

Suddenly Will leaped to his feet. Somewhere above him came the sound of racing feet. Dave's voice rose in a shout of warning. "Will! Look out! Will! W-I-L-L!"

There came the solid crash as something heavy hit the floor, shaking the rotting beams. Scuffling sounds followed. Then something was being dragged across the floor... a body...

The silence settled slowly. The crackling fire the storm outside was the only thing to be heard. Branches scratched the building restlessly. Will tried not to listen, found his pulse trip-hammering. Something had happened to Dave... something terrible...

Will shook off the lethargy gripping him, hurried into the hall. It stretched off into blackness. He followed his flashlight as it cut into the darkness. Up front was a door, the porch door probably. A flight of stairs led up to the floor above.

SWIFTLY now Will advanced. Dust rose about him, silver flakes in the light. The place was destitute of furniture.

The second floor corridor stretched into dusty distance. A door opened on the right. Will slid inside, taut, perspiration upon his forehead—

The room had a cot in it, a chair and a table, a stoye to one side with a bucket of ashes standing in front of it, as if they'd just been emptied out. But Dave wasn't here.

Slowly Will advanced. Over near the table on the floor was a blotch of dark on the wood. Will examined it, recoiling suddenly. It was blood, fresh, still liquid.

Will whirled facing the door. The old house pressed in about him, crouching, threatening, crafty. His breath came swiftly. He had to fight to keep his teeth from chattering. What had happened in here? Where was Dave?

All the other rooms were locked, Will discovered. He hurried back to the first floor then. The fire was beginning to burn down. Dave hadn't come back. He had been hurt—

A NEW sound added itself to that of the storm, the sound of slow, cautious footsteps outside in the hall, approaching the door. Footsteps approaching this room. Instinctively Will knew it wasn't Dave.

Will darted forward, slid through the window onto the porch. Rain and wind blasted him. He turned to peer cautiously back—

A figure detached itself from the darkness of the hall. A man with stooped broad shoulders, carrying a short barreled revolver in one hand. His face was puttyish in color. He had a jagged chin. One eye was little more than a menacing slit. He entered the room cautiously, first peering behind the door through the crack. He stood glaring slowly about.

Will knew then that Dave had been captured by this man. Dave lay somewhere in the old house badly hurt.

The man vanished into the hall. The fire light was dying down. Will hesitated. The damp wind wormed its way through his clothing. He didn't want to go back in there. He wanted to go far away. But Dave was back there and needed help.

WILL went through the window. He moved swiftly across the room, stepped into the hall. It was pitch black. He could hear nothing. He risked his flashlight—

Simultaneously the angry roar of a gun sounded right in front of him. Will whirled, flung himself upon the figure of a man standing there, waiting.

They were twisting, staggering slowly back and forth, arms gripping, grabbing. They smashed against the wall, against the stairs, almost breaking off the newel post. Will's opponent was powerful. But he'd dropped the gun. His snarling voice was like the growl of an enraged animal. He lashed out suddenly with his foot, sending Will crashing to the floor.

Will retained his grip somehow, dragging his opponent down with him. They lashed about, struggling for mastery; pounding each other, gouging ruthlessly. Will's body felt broken and twisted. His breath was coming in tortured gasps. His lungs seemed on fire. Slowly he was being beaten . . .

A crushing blow drove his head back against the rotting floor. For a second Will's senses eddied. Blackness swooped and blotted out everything.

WILL opened his eyes to find his wrists were bound, while someone was binding his feet, a man who crouched there working methodically.

"You'll shut off the circulation!" Will gasped between swollen lips. "Take it easy—"

"Shut up!" The voice was a low growl. "Teach you damned kids not to come butting into other people's homes—"

The man stood up, wiping his mouth upon the back of his hand. He was massive chested. "You'll pay," he threatened. "You an' that other young snoop. I—"

It was then that Will saw Dave. Saw the beam of Dave's light upstairs. The man turned swiftly, half crouching as if expecting an attack. He went down, rose holding his gun . . .

Will yelled, "Dave! Dave! Go back. Don't come down here. This crazy devil—"

The man slid forward. His voice rose to a snarl. "Got out, did yuh? Y'won't this time. I'll fix y'er good—"

He started up the stairs, a sinister, crouching figure. It was useless Will realized. Dave was unarmed, hurt—

Will twisted wildly, writhing on the floor, yanking at the ropes. His wrists were raw. Blood wet his hands. His breath burned in his lungs, his eyes were hot, smarting. Dave was up there trapped, unable to get out. He'd be killed—

The man was half way up the stairs. He stopped. He looked up. He flashed his light up and into that light suddenly appeared Dave. Dave who leaned over and looked deliberately down.

The man raised his gun with a jerk. Dave ducked back. But next instant he reappeared, lifting something out over the railing, braving possible death from the gun the man held. In his hand, Dave swung a bucket. He turned it upside down and something dropped, mushrooming as it fell, white and fluffy and spreading out into a huge cloud.

The man screamed, his voice strangled, blurred. He dropped the flashlight, the gun. He teetered on the stairs, clawing at his face and throat, surrounded by a cloud of silver-white dust that seemed to float like silver flakes on the air. He twisted, lost his balance, went tumbling over and over down the stairs. He landed in a bundle at the bottom. He tried to stand up. He cried out again . . .

Dave came bounding down the stairs, struck once with the bucket and the man crumpled to his face and lay still.

"We'll have to hustle!" Dave panted as he finished tying the man and untying Will. "He konked me good and plenty. I came to and managed to get free. Guess he was too anxious to get after you. I don't know where the others are—"

OTHERS!" Will gasped in amazement: "You mean—"

Dave snapped, "There must be a gang. This is a store-house, and they've got enough guns and ammunition and stuff stored here to supply an army. This guy was on guard. We've got to get help—"

"The stuff in the bucket—"

"Ashes, of course," Dave snapped. "There was a bucket full upstairs where this guy evidently sleeps. I dumped the whole business. Kind of a dirty trick, but he'll live through it. Now, let's go get those cops."

THE END

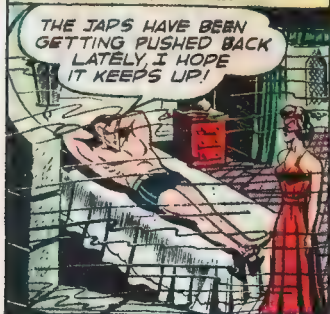
SUB-MARINER



PRINCE NAMOR LIVES A LIFE OF PEACE AND QUIET... WHEN HE CAN... IN HIS UNDERSEA DOMAIN! PEACEFUL AT HEART, HE IS SWIFT AND TERRIBLE IN ANGER, ESPECIALLY WHEN THE JAPS MAKE THE MISTAKE OF DISTURBING HIS IDYLIC LIFE! IT IS THEN MIGHTY SUB-MARINER DASHES FORTH TO

SMASH THE
TUNNEL OF TERROR!

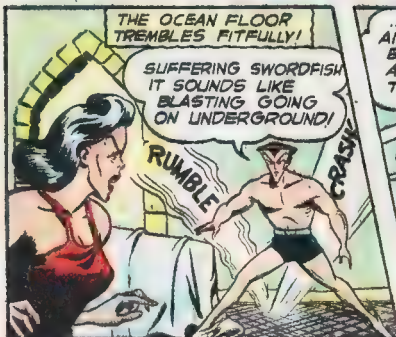
PRINCE NAMOR TAKES A WELL
NEEDED REST IN HIS STRANGE
UNDERSEA KINGDOM...



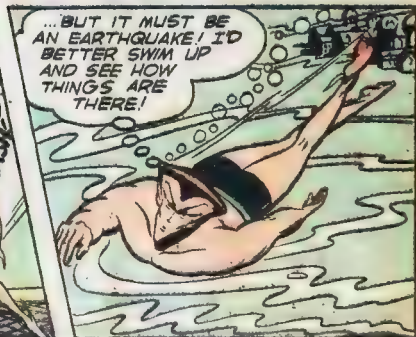
SUDDENLY HE IS THROWN OFF HIS
COUCH BY A VIOLENT CONCUSSION!



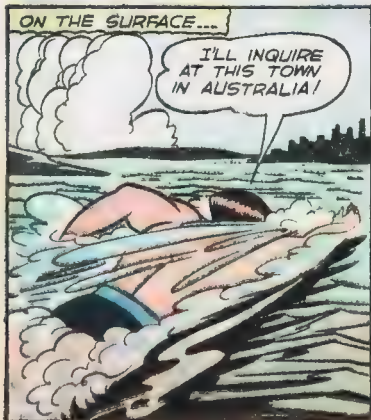
THE OCEAN FLOOR
TREMBLES FITFULLY!



...BUT IT MUST BE
AN EARTHQUAKE! I'D
BETTER SWIM UP
AND SEE HOW
THINGS ARE
THERE!

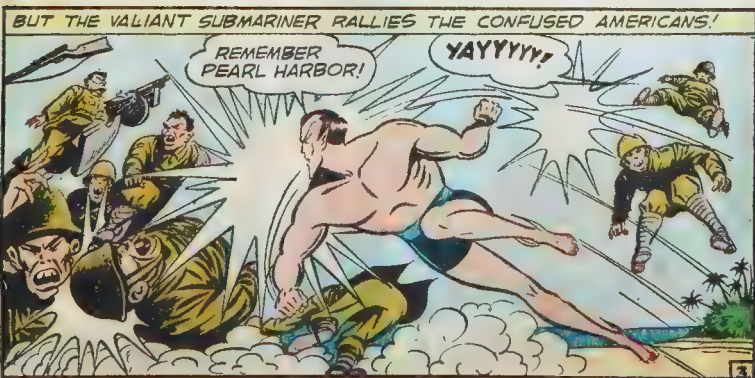
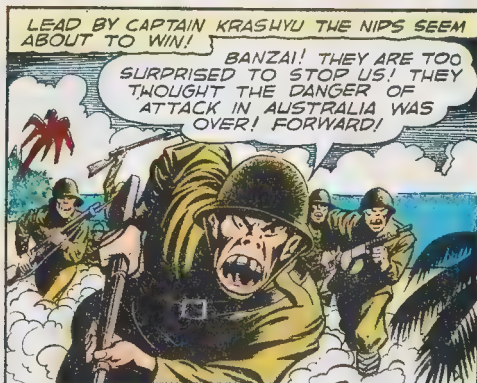
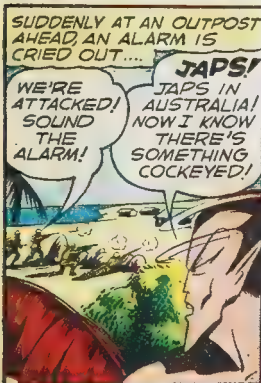


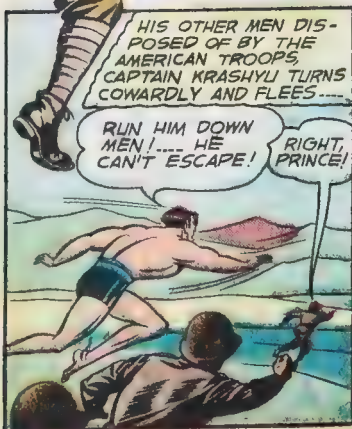
ON THE SURFACE...

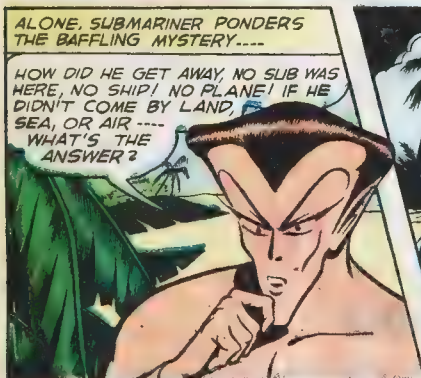
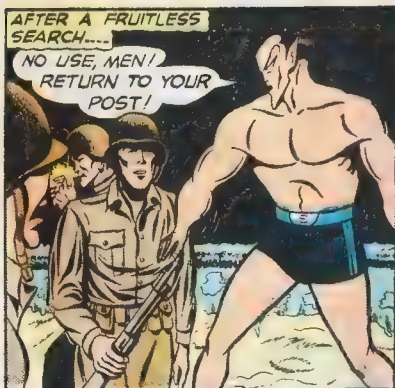


FUNNY! NO SIGN
OF AN EARTHQUAKE
UP HERE!









STUNNED BY THE UNEXPECTED BLOW, THE MIGHTY OCEAN DWELLER IS DRAGGED BELOW!

NO, I DID NOT COME BY LAND...
SEA... OR AIR! I CAME FROM
UNDER THE LAND! HO!HO!



A LONG TUNNEL PLUNGES INTO THE DEPTHS AND CONTINUES ENDLESSLY...

KNOW YOU, PRINCE NAMOR, THAT THIS TUNNEL EXTENDS FROM SINGAPORE TO AUSTRALIA!

YE GODS! AND LITTLE FISHES! RIGHT UNDER THE OCEAN FLOOR!



THAT EXPLAINS THE DISTURBANCE I FELT BEFORE! YOU WERE BLASTING UNDER MY KINGDOM! ENLARGING THIS TUNNEL, I SUPPOSE... BUT WHAT FOR?



I WON'T ANSWER THAT! YOU KNOW TOO MUCH ALREADY!



NOT THAT YOU'LL EVER SEE DAYLIGHT AGAIN! INTO THE LAVA ROOM WITH HIM!

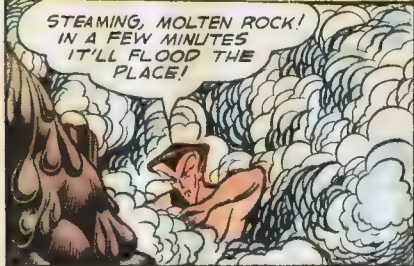


GOODBYE, SUBMARINER! MOLTEN LAVA SEEPS INTO THAT ROOM, FROM BELOW! YOU NEED WATER TO SURVIVE... BUT ALL YOU WILL GET IS BURNING LAVA, HO, HO, HO!

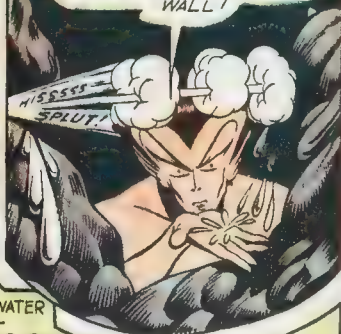


THE WATER PRINCE FACES A SCORCHING DEATH, IN THE TINY CHAMBER!

STEAMING, MOLTEN ROCK!
IN A FEW MINUTES
IT'LL FLOOD THE
PLACE!



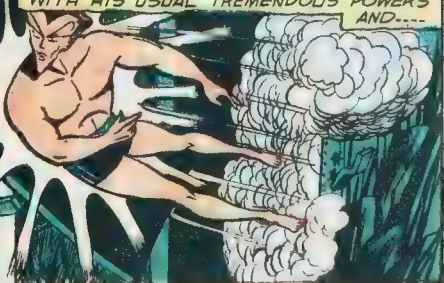
BUT WAIT.... STEAM IS
JUST WATER, IN GASEOUS
FORM! AH! WATER DROPS
ARE FORMING ON THIS
WALL!



WET ENOUGH TO
USE MY STRENGTH!



THE
STRENGTH
GIVING WATER
SUPER-
CHARGES SUB-
MARINER'S MUSCLES
WITH HIS USUAL TREMENDOUS POWERS
AND....



GULP! THAT'S BETTER,
NOW WHERE'S
EVERYBODY!



WHAT'S COOKING AT THE
OTHER END OF THIS
TUNNEL.... AT JAP-
HELD SINGAPORE?



BUT HALFWAY THROUGH THE TUNNEL AN OMINOUS SOUND COMES FROM AHEAD!

WHAT'S COMING? SOUNDS LIKE A HERD OF ELEPHANTS OR SOMETHING!

GRIND
CLANK
RUMBLE
TRAMP! TRAMP!

BY NEPTUNE'S BEARD!
IT'S A WHOLE JAP
INVASION ARMY!

AND THEN AROUND A BEND, COMES THE AMAZING SIGHT OF A FORMIDABLE ARMED FORCE OF JAPS, WITH TANKS, GUNS, AND ALL THE PARAPHERNALIA OF WAR!

CAPTAIN
KRASHYU LEADS
THE WAY FOR THE
JAP ARMY'S GENERAL!

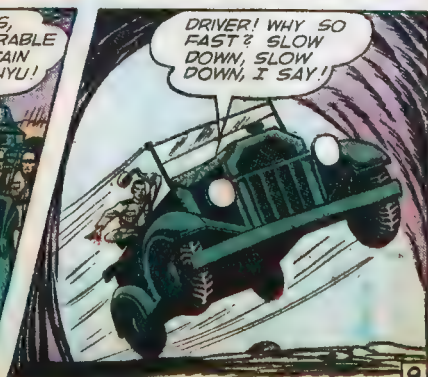
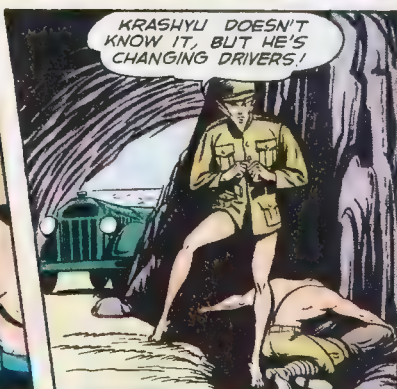
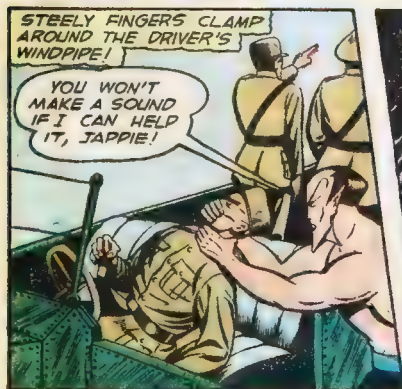
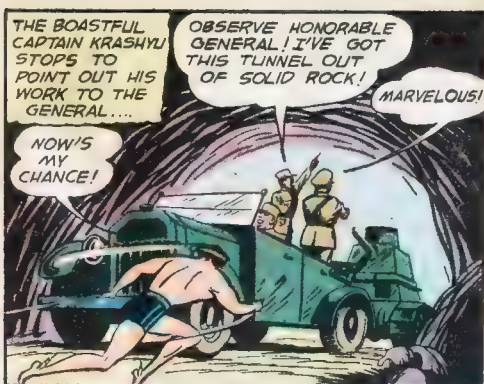
YOU HAVE DONE
WELL, CAPTAIN
KRASHYU! IN BUILDING
THIS TUNNEL! OUR ARMY
WILL STRIKE AT
AUSTRALIA IN
SAFETY!

AND I
WILL BE
MADE
GOVERNOR
OF CON-
QUERED
AUSTRALIA!

AT THE OTHER END IN SINGAPORE,
THE LAST OF THE GIGANTIC ARMY
FILES INTO THE TUNNEL----

BANZAI! WE WILL STRIKE FROM
UNDERGROUND LIKE THIEVES
IN THE NIGHT! WE WILL
CONQUER AUSTRALIA IN
ONE STROKE! BANZAI!





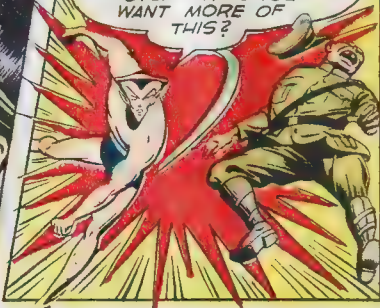
FAR AHEAD OF THE ARMY THEY LEFT BEHIND, SUBMARINER STOPS THE VEHICLE. AND....

WON'T YOU STEP OUT, GENTLEMEN!

WHY, THIS ISN'T OUR DRIVER! IT'S.... IT'S SUBMARINER!



RIGHT! YELLOW BOYS! AND NOW, GENERAL.... COMMAND YOUR ARMY TO STOP OR DO YOU WANT MORE OF THIS?

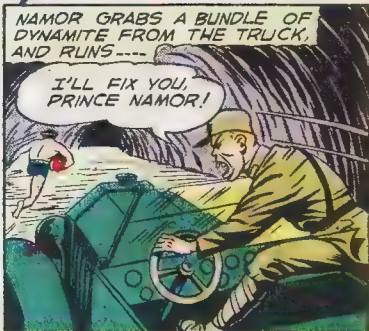


BUT WHY BOTHER I'LL JUST KNOCK ALL YOUR TEETH OUT, SO YOU CAN'T EVEN MUMBLE A COMMAND!



NAMOR GRABS A BUNDLE OF DYNAMITE FROM THE TRUCK, AND RUNS----

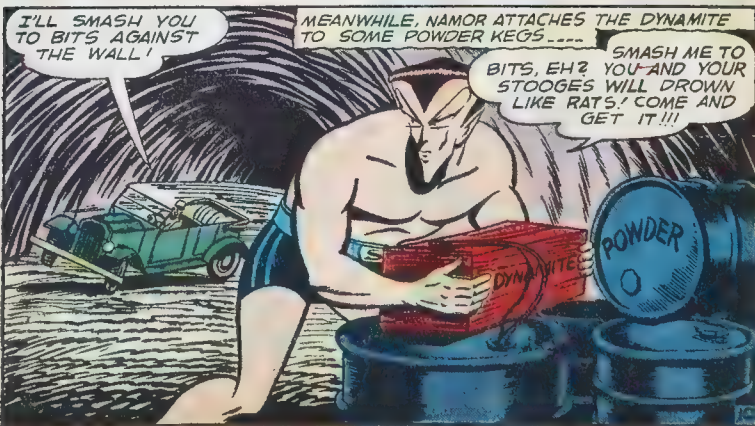
I'LL FIX YOU, PRINCE NAMOR!

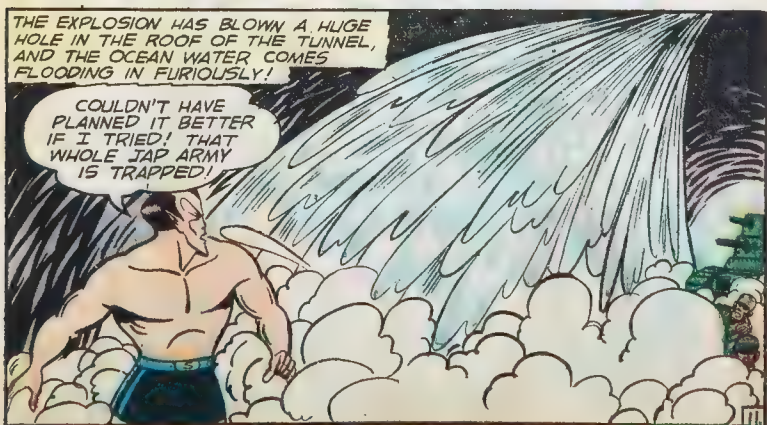


I'LL SMASH YOU TO BITS AGAINST THE WALL!

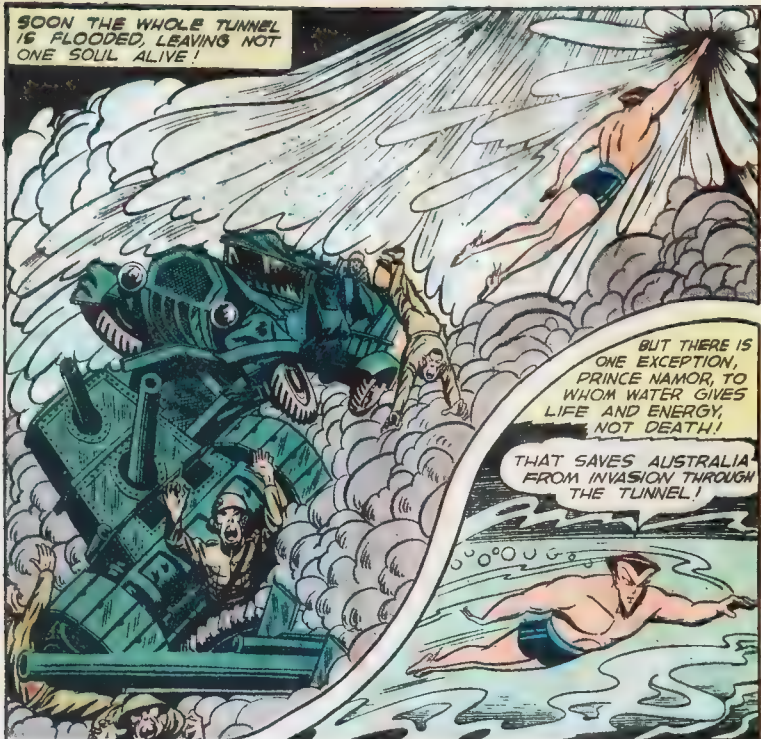
MEANWHILE, NAMOR ATTACHES THE DYNAMITE TO SOME POWDER KEGS----

SMASH ME TO BITS, EH? YOU-AND YOUR STOOGES WILL DROWN LIKE RATS! COME AND GET IT!!!





SOON THE WHOLE TUNNEL
IS FLOODED, LEAVING NOT
ONE SOUL ALIVE!



BUT THERE IS
ONE EXCEPTION,
PRINCE NAMOR, TO
WHOM WATER GIVES
LIFE AND ENERGY,
NOT DEATH!

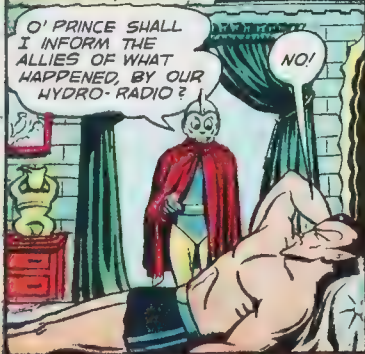
THAT SAVES AUSTRALIA
FROM INVASION THROUGH
THE TUNNEL!



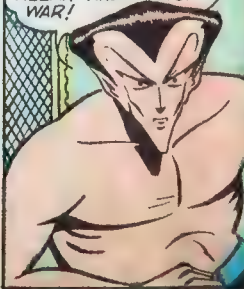
LATER, AS THE WATER PRINCE ONCE
MORE RELAXES IN HIS UNDER
WATER KINGDOM....

O' PRINCE SHALL
I INFORM THE
ALLIES OF WHAT
HAPPENED, BY OUR
HYDRO-RADIO?

NO!



AFTER ALL WHY TELL THEM
OF SOMETHING THAT NEVER
SUCCEEDED? BESIDES,
BEFORE I WAS INTERRUPTED, THIS IS WHAT
I WANTED TO DO...
RELAX AND FORGET
WAR!



I'll see
you again
in the next
issue of
all
Walters
Comics
and
remember,
Buy more
War
Stamps
and
Bonds!
Yours truly,
Sub. Mariner

URGENT!

SENTINELS OF LIBERTY!

A VITAL MESSAGE from CAPTAIN AMERICA!

HELLO, KIDS!

YOU'RE IN THIS WAR EVEN THOUGH YOU DON'T CARRY A GUN, RIDE A TANK, A JEEP, OR PILOT A PLANE! YOU CAN DO YOUR PART IN WINNING THIS WAR BY JOINING THE WASTE PAPER DRIVE!

GATHER THE KIDS IN YOUR BLOCK... MAKE A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASS FOR PAPER... ANY OLD PAPER, MAGAZINES, BOXES, STORE BAGS, ENVELOPES, NEWS-PAPERS, CORRUGATED PAPER!

PAPER IS A WEAPON OF WAR! A MIGHTY WEAPON! EVERY GUN, BULLET... EVERY PIECE OF AMMUNITION USED TO SMASH THE UNHOLY JAPS AND NAZIS IS SHIPPED IN PAPER CONTAINERS! U.S. ARMY FIELD RATION "K" IS PACKED IN FOLDING CARTONS! AND MANY MANY OTHER THINGS, TOO! TO MAKE NEW PAPER WE MUST HAVE THE OLD! TO DAY PAPER IS NEEDED MORE THAN EVER! WAR CAUSES SHORTAGES... THERE IS A SHORTAGE OF PAPER... TO AN ALARMING DEGREE! SO... GET IN TOUCH WITH YOUR NEAREST LOCAL SALVAGE COMMITTEE, AND ASK THEM HOW YOU AND YOUR CHUMS CAN CONTRIBUTE TO THE WAR EFFORT...

DO IT NOW...THIS MINUTE!

BUCKY SHOWS YOU HOW TO PACK THIS PRECIOUS PAPER BEFORE TURNING IT OVER TO THE SALVAGE COMMITTEE!

THANKS, KIDS!

HOW TO SAVE
YOUR PAPER
FOR
EASY
HANDLING!

NEWSPAPERS...

FOLD THEM FLAT
AND TIE THEM IN
BUNDLES ABOUT
12 INCHES HIGH!



MAGAZINES...

TIE THEM IN
BUNDLES ABOUT
18 INCHES HIGH!



CARDBOARD BOXES AND CARTONS...

FLATTEN THEM
OUT AND TIE THEM
IN BUNDLES ABOUT
12 INCHES HIGH!



WASTEBASKET PAPER, WRAPPERS, ENVELOPES, ETC.!

PACK DOWN IN A
BOX OR BAG SO
THAT IT CAN BE
CARRIED!



The DESTROYER

IN The BEACHHEAD
BLITZ!



3¢ DAILY ☆ STAR EXTRA

SECTION ONE
SECOND FRONT BEGINS
ALLIED BEACHHEAD
ESTABLISHED

WHEN WILL THESE GLORIOUS HEADLINES APPEAR? DOES THE DESTROYER KNOW? DOES HE CARRY A COPY OF THE INVASION PLANS? WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE NAZIS CAPTURE HIM? THE ANSWERS ALL SUM UP TO ANOTHER OF THE DESTROYER'S DEATHLESS SAGAS!

NIGHT...AND SOMEWHERE ON THE COAST OF FRANCE, A GREAT FIGURE WAITS!

THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND TOLD ME TO MEET A SECRET BRITISH COMMANDO UNIT

HERE TONIGHT!
...WONDER WHAT FOR?

THE COMMANDOS ARRIVE...

MAJOR WHALEN?

GREETINGS, DESTROYER!
WE HAVE A VITAL MISSION FOR YOU!

THESE ARE THE PLANS FOR THE SECOND FRONT!
THEY SHOW WHEN AND WHERE WE SHALL STRIKE!!
DELIVER THEM TO THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND!
THEY ARE GOING TO HELP US!

OH, ONE MORE THING, DESTROYER!
(BZZZ-ZZZ...)

AH! I SEE, MAJOR!

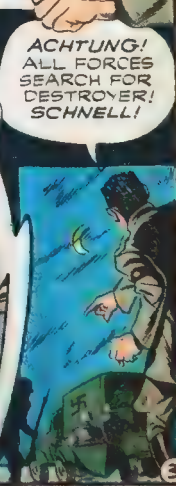
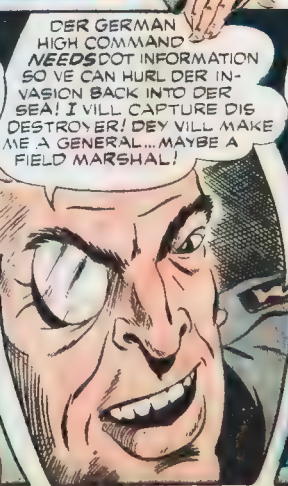
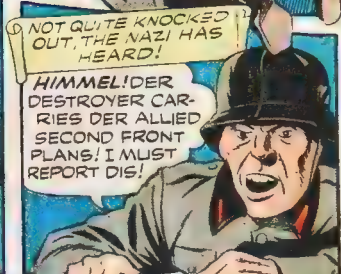
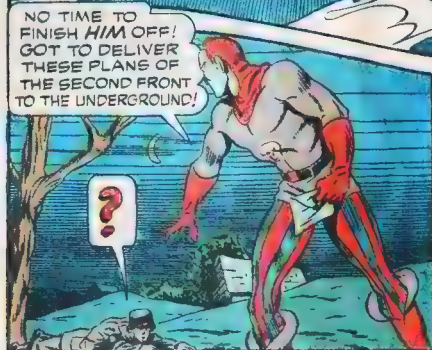
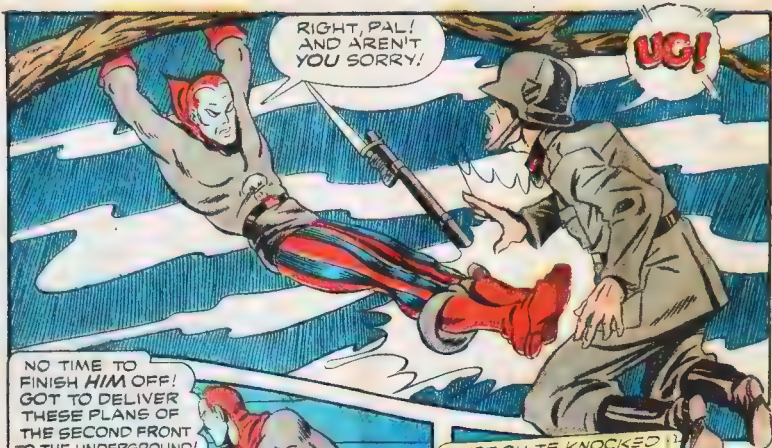
WHAT MYSTERIOUS MISSION IS THE DESTROYER TO PERFORM?

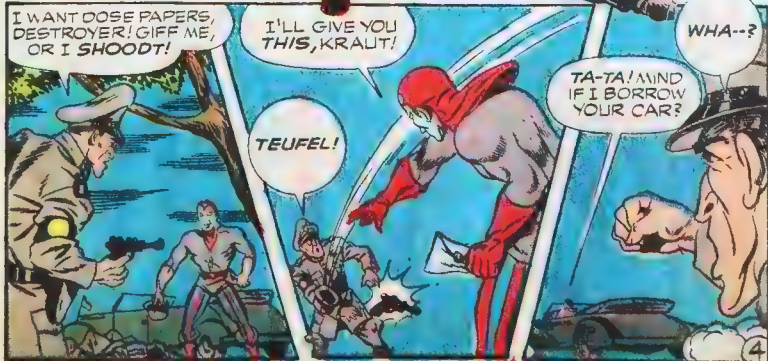
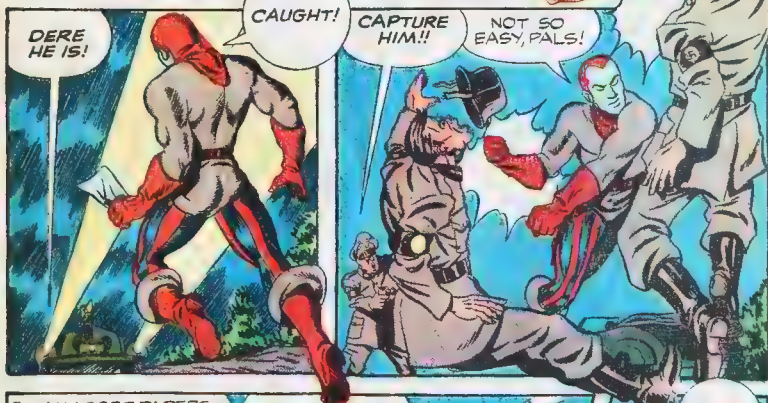
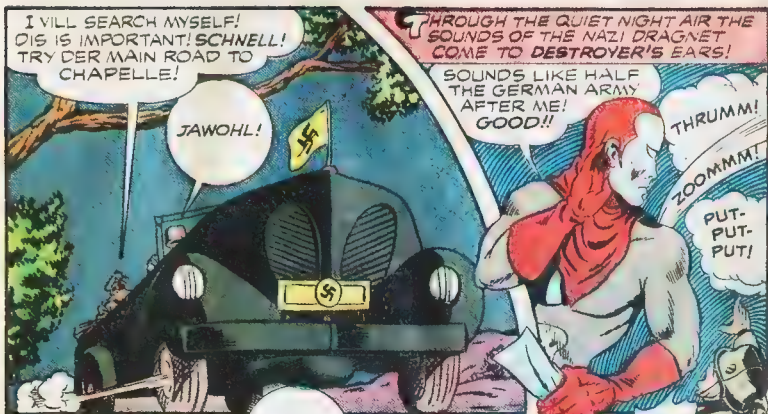
I WON'T FAIL YOU, MAJOR!

DESTROYER LEAVES...
CARRYING THE MOST VITAL PAPERS OF THE WAR!...
THE PLANS FOR THE LONG-AWAITED SECOND FRONT!
...BY THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN TROOPS FROM ENGLAND!

A GUARD!

HALTEN!
ACH... IT IS DER VERDAMMT DESTROYER!!





SO FAR SO GOOD! BUT I'LL
STRETCH OUT THE FUN AND
LEAVE TRACKS FOR THEM
TO FOLLOW!!

THE DESTROYER DELIBERATELY DRIVES
THROUGH A MUD-PUDDLE!...HAS HIS
OVER-CONFIDENCE GOTTEN THE
BETTER OF HIM?

IF THEY CAN'T TRAIL
ME NOW, THEY'RE
BLIND!!

MEANWHILE, SCHNAGEL HAS
PICKED UP A MOTORCYCLE
PATROL... AND...

AH, DER FOOL! HE
LEFT TIRE TRACKS TO
FOLLOW! WATCH
DEY CLOSELY!!

TURN
IN HERE!

MY STOLEN CAR! HE
ISS HERE AT DIS
FARMHOUSE! LET'S
SNEAK UP ON DER
PLACE!

MEANWHILE, DESTROYER HAS CONTACTED ONE
UNIT OF THE FAR-FLUNG FRENCH UNDERGROUND!

HAVE I MADE IT CLEAR? ARE
YOU WILLING TO GIVE YOUR
LIVES FOR THESE
PAPERS?

OUI, DESTROYER!
FOR LA BELLE
FRANCE...IT MUST BE!

HSST! I HEAR
ZE BOCHE
COMING!

THESE ARE THE SECOND
FRONT PLANS! WE MUST
SPREAD THE INFORMATION
ALONG THE ENTIRE
COAST!

ENTER! DEY
ARE TRAPPED!

THE FRENCH UNDERGROUNDERS FIGHT BRAVELY!

SHOOT DER SWINE
DOWN! GRAB DER
PAPERS!!

DIRTY BOCHE!
WE WILL FIGHT
TO ZE LAST!



BUT THE FRENCH
GO DOWN... AND
ONLY DESTROYER
REMAINS!

I MUST
ESCAPE!
I MUST!

NO YOU
VON'T, FIG!
TAKE DOT!

OH!



DESTROYER IS
FORCED TO GIVE
UP THE PLANS!

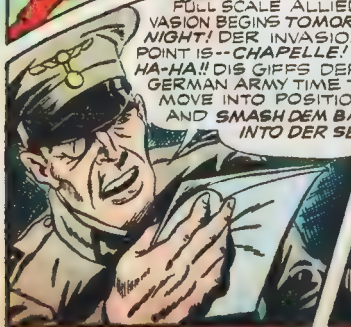
WHO SAID DER
DESTROYER ISS
SO MIGHTY? ONE
BLOW AND HE
IS DEFEATED!!
NOW GIFF ME
DOSE PAPERS!



DÖNNER UND
BLITZEN!! DER
FULL SCALE ALLIED IN-
VASION BEGINS TOMORROW
NIGHT! DER INVASION
POINT IS-- CHAPELLE! HA-
HA-HA!! DIS GIFFS DER
GERMAN ARMY TIME TO
MOVE INTO POSITION
AND SMASH DEM BACK
INTO DER SEA!

AND ALL DAY THE
GERMAN FORCES IN
FRANCE STREAM TOWARD
THE THREATENED INVASION POINT!

DIS VILL VIN DER WAR FOR
DER REICH! DER ALLIES
VILL MEET ONLY A SOLID
VALL OF RESISTANCE!



And A LONELY, DEJECTED FOUR sits in a PRISON CELL, WITH WHAT STRANGE, AGONIZING THOUGHTS, NO ONE KNOWS!

DER DESTROYER ISS GOING INSANE, I BET! HE KNOWS HE ISS DER CAUSE OF DER FAILURE OF DER SECOND FRONT!

SCHNAGEL LETS HIM LIVE--SO HE CAN HEAR DER GREAT NEWS...OF DER INVASION ARMY SMASHED!

ZERO HOUR APPROACHES, THAT NIGHT... BUT IT PASSES!

NO ATTACK CAME, SCHNAGEL! ISS DISS SOME JOKE?

BUT DER PAPERS SAID---ACH, HIMMEL...I READ IT MYSELF!



MEANWHILE, A HUNDRED MILES FURTHER UP THE COAST, WHERE GERMAN FORCES HAVE BEEN WITHDRAWN TO GUARD CHAPELLE... THE SECOND FRONT STRIKES!



ONLY A SKELETON FORCE OF HEINIES HERE! WE'LL ESTABLISH A BEACHHEAD WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE!

WHEN THE NEWS COMES TO SCHNAGEL, FAR TO THE SOUTH...

HERR FIELD MARSHAL! DER ALLIED FORCE STRUCK UP HERE... DEY ARE VIPING US OUT---

DEN DER PLANS WE FOLLOWED ARE FALSE!

BUT THE DESTROYER HAS LONG HAD TIME TO ESCAPE!

DER DESTROYER ISS GONE!! ONLY A NOTE LEFT!

VAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON DOT DESTROYER!



DEAR SCHNAGEL... THE WHOLE THING WAS PLANNED SO YOU WOULD THINK THOSE PLANS AUTHENTIC!! I WANTED YOU TO CAPTURE ME... I HAD TO MAKE IT LOOK GOOD! SEE YOU IN BERLIN WHEN THE ALLIES MARCH IN!

Destroyer

THE END

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HEY, FELLERS!
YOU SHOULD'VE
SEEN JIMMY
LICK BIG BUTCH
WITH JU-JITSU!

THE BIG BULLY! ALWAYS
PICKING ON SMALLER
KIDS.

IT'S NO USE, JIMMY,
BUTCH IS TOO BIG FOR YOU.

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT
THAT. I'VE GOT A FEW
TRICKS UP MY
SLEEVE.

I'M GOING TO TEACH
THAT GUY A LESSON.

WOW! LOOK AT JIMMY FIGHT.
I'M GOING TO LEARN
LIGHTNING JU-JITSU
TOO!

ARE
YOU
BEING
PUSHED AROUND
BY BIGGER
FELLOWS?

Have you been
"scored" or some one
because he knows how to
box or wrestle and you don't?
Have you thought of yourself as

but not being able to fight it off, and BEGIN dishing it out! Here's the great
new book on JU-JITSU—the astounding fighting method that is sweeping
the country—the method our Commandos use! It's the great
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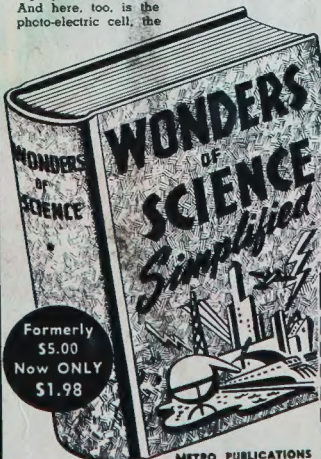
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